

## The Critic and Good Literature

J. L. & J. B. GILDER, EDITORS.

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### Commercial Novels.

WITHIN the past twenty years a new species of story has sprung up, which for want of a better name we may call the commercial novel. It deals with business, as business is conceived to be by the writers, and generally narrates the downfall of a commercial house, or the misadventures of some one connected with one. The growth of this school is the natural outcome of the demand for something new by readers of fiction, who have been jaded by tales of fashion, such as those of Bulwer's early composition; tales of low life, such as 'Oliver Twist' and 'Nicholas Nickleby'; and tales of sentiment, like those of Grace Aguilar. A new field of narrative was demanded, and the demand was promptly met. Fashion rules in books as well as in dresses, and we have seen many mutations in modern times. The hard realism of Defoe's, Fielding's and Smollett's novels, the maudlin pathos of Sterne, the exaggerated sentimentalism of Richardson, were succeeded by stories of the weird and the supernatural, such as Mrs. Radcliffe's, and by the Rosa Matilda school, of whom the name of no author remains with sufficient distinctness to be remembered by the present generation. Each of these, except the last, had values of its own, and in the case of the father of English fiction and the great elder son, their merits have not been equalled in their lines. Purge Fielding of his grossness, and his stories would still be popular, instead of lying covered with dust on the shelves of libraries. His mastery of plot, his knowledge of human nature, his facility of touch, are unsurpassed. The minor stories of Defoe have fallen into neglect, except to people of rude stomachs, but they have an excellence all their own. But with the close of the great wars of England with continental Europe, a new race of novelists sprang up. Scott painted on a canvas the like of which had never before been known, and Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and others, presented nature as she was, not disfigured as she had generally been by their predecessors. In their pictures one saw the landscape painted as it is in full day, and not as it may seem in a luminous night, when you can see clearly for a few paces, but when a tree but a few yards away becomes a giant, and a hedge is transformed into a fortification. New fields were explored by each of these writers, and by their successors. In Scott the Highlands are first thrown open to us; Miss Edgeworth, Lover, Lever, Carleton and Griffin depicted the Irishman; Cooper revealed the Indian, wandering through the woods of North America; Marryat, Cooper, and the author of 'Tom Cringle' showed us the sea; Trollope brought the parsonage, the undistinguished clergyman, and the civil servant before us; Mrs. Stowe discovered the colored race, and others have wrought each in a special field. But more was wanted. There are in England now two hundred professional novelists, each having his books brought out in three-volume style, and they need room in which to work. Not all of these would un-

dertake subjects with which they are entirely unfamiliar, and few of them endeavor to go far in this way. It is obviously impossible for a lady, who has never been fifty miles from her father's parsonage, to write a nautical story; nor can we expect a native of Warwickshire to describe with any resemblance to nature events supposed to have happened in the Orkneys. There is, however, one province which all believe they know sufficiently well to write about. *Business* has no secrets that they cannot handle. Into this department, therefore, they have rushed—with indifferent success, so far, for most of them. Mrs. Riddell has evidently mastered the situation; Mrs. Henry Wood makes a good medical novel; Charles Reade is generally successful. But the exceptions prove the rule. There is in the commercial novel a fatuous head of the house, who could never have made any money at all, the reader would think; a scheming junior partner, or a chief clerk, who finally occasions the downfall of the firm, and about whom, you imagine, no one could long remain in doubt; there is the excellent clerk, who never is promoted; and there is the joint-stock scheme—so transparent a swindle that it seems impossible any one could ever have invested in it. Such is the more ordinary plot. But, however varied it may be, it has the same weakness. Sometimes a forgery is the occasion of the downfall; but it is not managed as forgeries are managed in real life. Even some of our more eminent novelists fall into these errors. Besant and Rice, in one of their most charming stories, make the hero deposit all the money he has with a London banker, and when the inevitable catastrophe comes, he has only a few hundred pounds in his own possession. This is the case of a man whose income was as great as Vanderbilt's. Is it likely? The banker, who has over half a million of pounds of the American's money in his hands, deposited within a few months, sees his establishment become a certain wreck and finds it impossible to help himself. Now it may safely be asserted that a dishonest banker, who had half a million of fresh money, could not thus fail, if his credit had not been suspected before. Such a windfall would postpone for two or three years the ruin of a house twice as large as Jay Cooke's. In 'A Life's Atonement,' one of the characters is suspected of having forged a check. It is four or five days before the persons whose names are used endeavor to find out who presented the false order at the bank. Would not this be thought an extraordinary thing in Wall Street, or in Lombard Street? Little blunders like these occur continually through the business novel of Great Britain, and—to a less extent, as we write less fiction—of America. The fault is not in the subject. Every man concerned in affairs knows stories as surprising as anything he has read, and which, dressed up with the skill of a good relator, would attract universal attention. But those who undertake to narrate these stories ought to learn the probabilities of a given case, and not mar their work, in the judgment of many of their readers, by inaccuracy in matters of detail.

### Last Reminiscences of Anthony Trollope.

[From *Temple Bar*.]

SEVEN years ago, before he had been threatened with any symptom of decay, in the midst of full contentment and success, Anthony Trollope finished the last words of his 'Autobiography'; so closing the record of his literary life, when it was in truth by no means finished. 'The Duke's Children,' 'Ayala's Angel,' 'Frau Trohman,' 'The Fixed Period,' the 'Life of Thackeray,' 'Cicero,' 'An Eye for an Eye,' and some other stories, had not been published, nor had his imagination begun to fail, or his routine been in any way altered. He wrote that year, of himself:

'I observe when people of my age are spoken of, they are described as effete and moribund, just burning down the last half inch of the candle in the socket. I feel as though I should still like to make a "flare up" with my half inch. In spirit I could trundle a hoop

about the streets, and could fall in love with a young woman just as readily as ever: as she doesn't want me, I don't—but I could.'

The time left unrecorded was of no less interest than that earlier one; it was still full of profit and pleasure, and was possibly richer in the means of judging fairly of the failures and the successes of authorship. If he expected a little less of himself, if he exacted less, he still performed certain methodical tasks. The punctual and deliberate habits of years were only slightly modified in strictness, and there was certainly no idle moment of his day.

But still the record was closed. It must be a matter of regret that it was so, and the critic who best understood him does not hesitate to express his surprise that the popular author should have chosen to cut his own written life short, and consider it rounded and completed at this particular date, but the reason is doubtless to be found in the painful affection of the hand from which he had begun to suffer, and which is called the writer's cramp, although by no means solely confined to authors.

It becomes difficult to hold a pen, and though the difficulty may, at first, be overcome by a vigorous effort, it is soon found that no amount of effort will prevail. In such cases there is no remedy but rest. The novels and most of the correspondence had to be written from dictation, although he still kept a few friends as the recipients of what he himself described as the illegible scrawl regarded by him as his own letters to his own special correspondents, 'and which,' he added, 'they tell me afterward they can't make out a word of.'

He found in his niece, who was to him the tenderest and most devoted of daughters, an untiring and reliable secretary; but still, the record of daily personal impressions could not be carried on with the same spontaneous ease as heretofore, so it was brought to an end, and the farewell spoken, as if already from the further shore.

But still the old accustomed method of literary industry was pursued. No one ever acted up more fully to his own convictions or followed more conscientiously himself the advice he gave to others; insisting constantly that the author wants a habit of industry as well as every other workman.

'I was once told,' he says, 'that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair.' And in another paragraph:

'There are those who think that the man who works with his imagination should allow himself to wait till—inspiration moves him. When I have heard such doctrine preached I have hardly been able to repress my scorn. To me it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow chandler for the divine moment of melting. I certainly believe in the cobbler's wax much more than the inspiration.'

But when such words as these are quoted they must not be made to mean more than he himself means by them, and he continues:

'It will be said perhaps that a man whose work has risen to no higher pitch than mine has attained has no right to speak of the strains and impulses to which real genius is exposed. I am ready to admit the great variations of brain power which are exhibited by the products of different men, and am not disposed to rank my own very high; but my own experience tells me that a man can always do the work for which his brain is fitted, if he will give himself the habit of regarding his work as a normal condition of his life.'

During their residence in Montagu Square some hours of writing were accomplished before the midday breakfast, leaving the rest of the day more free for other business, and for the enjoyments which were no less energetically pursued.

To this partly foreign and wholly substantial meal, any intimate friend was welcome, and those who came for counsel, or sympathy, might count on both, and solid information and assistance too, which always might be had for asking.

A not too hurried interview might be obtained in the quaint and quiet book-room, where his five thousand volumes had been carefully stored; and after a search upon the chimneypiece among a whole army of spectacles for the exact pair which should enable him to read the face of his guest, he would take his own arm-chair; not however occupying it for long, but jumping up violently, and taking up his usual position on the hearthrug, too impetuous even for the appearance of ease. It was here, as Mr. Escott graphically describes, the identity of the man and the author was immediately perceived.

'As it is with the dialogue of Anthony Trollope's literary heroes and heroines so was it with his own conversation. In each the same definiteness and directness, the same Anglo-Saxon simplicity. Mr. Trollope, as if he were riding across country, sees the exact place at which he wants to arrive; he makes for it, and he determines to reach

it as directly as possible. There may be obstacles, but he surmounts them—sometimes they may prove, for the moment, serious impediments; perhaps they actually place him *hors de combat* like a post and rails that cannot be negotiated, or a ditch of impracticable dimensions. It does not matter. He picks himself up, pulls himself together, and presses on as before.'

He used to complain that one had to apologize nowadays for all eagerness.

'We are all so very smooth,' he writes, 'in our usual intercourse that any urgency takes the guise of violence. I own I like a good contradictory conversation in which for the moment the usual subservience of coat and trousers to bodies, skirts, and petticoats, may be well—not forgotten—but for the moment put on one side.'

The writer of these lines was once emboldened to request from him an introductory letter to the editor of *The Fortnightly*, and was asked, with look and manner well characterized by Wilkie Collins as the embodiment of a gale of wind,

'But why *The Fortnightly*? The learned editor is so indefatigable, that every word you write down will be weighed to the last pronoun. Perhaps you wish to be so weighed—but you are ignorant! ignorant! not of what you ought to know—but of what you ought not to know!'

*I.e.*, the characteristics of editors and the different requirements of magazines. This was explained with an inimitable force and facility of diction; an enormous amount of information was hurled about, and then the storm subsided, the article in question was glanced at, and the letter written. A similar gust was raised on mention being made of a highly eulogistic article on his own personal and literary merits, from the pen of a partial writer. He was sensitively alive to anything of that kind of praise seeming to be the product rather of personal love than of inquiry or judgment, and in a letter alluding to the article, he said, 'I don't like such notices, particularly when they are written by friends. I would much rather be left to the mercies of the real critics. Sydney Smith used to say, speaking of practical jokes, that it was impossible to say how much melted butter a gentleman would bear to have poured into his dresscoat pocket; I dislike it almost as much when it is poured down my back.'

This sensitiveness as to the personal details of private life was doubtless very strong in him, but like some other of his strongly expressed opinions, may be practically exaggerated. It has been so forcibly present to his relations and friends that his true and most uncommon character has hardly been so well defined for the sake of those who shall come after him, as it has every right to be, and it would be very regrettable should the delicacy of the living man be seriously allowed to rob his memory of that which is his due.

There is certainly such a thing as a misleading reticence, and in the preface to the 'Autobiography' some honest tribute seems to be missing.

The book will live as the exact and faithful portrait of the man, and might well have been supplemented by a few more finished touches telling, as his own words could not so fully do, how simple, how straightforward, how sincere he was, with what a tender heart, and what an open hand. Had this been not withheld, there would have been less room for offhand ignorant criticism such as lately found a place in a prominent review, where an impression is produced, at least as false as it is ignorant, that Anthony Trollope's vehemence was roughness, and his manner coarse. The critic says that he went to dine with Stuart Mill, and that 'the party was only a moderate success. The contrast was too violent between the modesty and courtesy of the host and the blustering fashions of Trollope. These came out worse when they figured in the same room with the gentle precision of Mill and the pleasant gravity of Cairns. It was a relief to get the bull safely away from the china shop.'

As a matter of simple justice such false impressions should be balanced by a more faithful testimony. It should be told that he was a perfect gentleman in every fibre of his nature, that he was astoundingly chivalrous, and that his manner, however vehement, was never ungentle. It was very truly said of him:

'Enthusiasm—it may be impetuosity—is only one of the accidental modes of development assumed by his imagination. It has become a species of necessary condition of his thought; and just as great athletes find it desirable frequently to exercise their muscles and sinews by wielding dumb-bells, brandishing Indian clubs, and other feats of strength, so does Mr. Trollope keep his mental elasticity fresh and vigorous by tilting against windmills and by defending paradoxes.'

A fear of hurting anybody's feelings was one of his strongest characteristics, and though he dearly liked a 'delicious feud,' however violent his words might be, his sentiments were always soft.



In the summer of 1880 the Trollopes left London and went to live at Harting, a village on the confines of Hampshire, chosen because they found there a house to suit them, and the end of that year Anthony Trollope wrote :

"Yes, we have changed our mode of life altogether. We have got a little cottage here, just big enough (or nearly so) to hold my books, with five acres and a cow and a dog and a cock and a hen. I have got seventeen years' lease, and therefore I hope to lay my bones here. Nevertheless I am as busy as would be one thirty years younger, in cutting out dead boughs, and putting up a paling here and a little gate there. We go to church and mean to be very good, and have maids to wait on us. The reason for all this I will explain when I see you, although, as far as I see at present, there is no good reason other than that we were tired of London."

The life at Harting was very happy; the Rector of his little village has described it in a few brief sentences written with the regard Trollope always won at first sight from all who were in any way brought near him.

"Though he rigidly maintained his lifelong habits of industry, he was no recluse, and his genial frankness soon made him the honored friend of us all. The sick poor in particular found him a stanch benefactor. To the last he was never weary of generous deeds, generally done on the spur of the moment. A laborer of looting propensities and unable to obtain farm work, employed at Mr. Trollope's fences, was seen by the gardener to take some fallen apples. The master was informed, and the gardener suggested the policeman. Mr. Trollope, apparently in thunder, left his sanctum, and found the culprit eating his dinner under a tree, a piece of bread in one hand and an apple in the other.

"Who allowed you to take my apples?" said the thunder.

"I had nothing but bread, and it's better with an apple," quothed Ishmael.

"Mr. Trollope walked indoors, cut some slices of ham and cheese from the luncheon table, took them out and threw them into the man's lap, saying :

"Eat and be better."

With characteristic tenderness of conscience he afterward doubted if he had done rightly, or the tale of his mercy would never have been told.

But alas! the happy time at Harting had to be brought to a close.

The health which had been so strong was evidently failing, and he often spoke more seriously than in jest of his own novelette, 'The Fixed Period,' then coming out in *Blackwood's Magazine*, declaring it to be his own unaffected opinion that it would be well if England were to adopt the laws of Britannula, and abolish the miseries, weakness, and fainting imbecility of old age by the pre-arranged ceasing to live of those who would otherwise become old.

It was at the close of a lively morning-visit that he first told one of his greatest friends that his life was in danger, saying in the most common conversational tone, 'I have had a terrible verdict pronounced against me since I saw you last. They say I sit got angina pectoris. I am to eat and drink, and get up and sit down at my peril, and may drop down dead at any moment.' He subsequently consulted Dr. Murrell, the well-known authority on angina pectoris, who did not indorse the verdict, but found that his heart was weak, and that hard work had made an old man of him.

For more than a year he remained under the same medical care, and got comparatively well. He was enabled to resume his favorite exercise, and his usual animated life, being, however, fairly warned, and that impressively, that he must neither over-work nor over-exert himself. The injunction was perfectly vain. He was extraordinarily impatient and reckless of his own condition; would still dash out of railway-carriages before the stopping of the train, would hurry in and out of cabs, and give way in all things to his usual impetuosity. The end was grievous as it was sudden, and is briefly described in the preface :

"On the evening of the 3d of November, 1882, he was seized with paralysis of the right side, accompanied by loss of speech. His mind also had failed, though at intervals his thoughts would return to him. After the first three weeks these lucid intervals became rarer, but it was always very difficult to tell how far his mind was sound or how far astray."

He was moved from the rooms in Suffolk Street, which he had taken as soon as it was decided that he could not live at Harting, and where the doors were besieged with anxiously inquiring visitors, to a quiet house in Welbeck Street, where he died nearly five weeks from the night of his attack.

The wish he had expressly so strongly in his days of health and strength was granted. The power of work was over, and he was taken from the world in which, according to his own view, there could be no longer any joy.

## Literary Forgeries.\*

How old Ritson would have punished "the old corrector" it is "better only guessing," as the wicked say, according to Clough, in regard to their own possible chastisement. The difficulty is to ascertain who the apocryphal old corrector really was. The story of his misdeeds was recently brought back to mind by the death, at an advanced age, of the learned Shakspearian, Mr. J. Payne Collier. Mr. Collier was, to put it mildly, the Shapira of the old corrector. He brought that artist's works before the public; but *why?* how deceived, or how influenced, it is once more "better only guessing." Mr. Collier first brought to the public notice his singular copy of a folio Shakspeare (second edition) loaded with ancient manuscript emendations, in 1849. Mr. Collier's account of this book was simple and plausible. He chanced one day to be in the shop of Mr. Rudd, the bookseller, in Great Newport Street, when a parcel of second-hand volumes arrived from the country. When the parcel was opened the heart of the Bibliophile began to sing, for the packet contained two old folios, one of them an old folio Shakspeare of the second edition (1632). The volume (mark this) was "much cropped," greasy, and imperfect. Now the student of Mr. Hamilton's "inquiry" into the whole affair is already puzzled. In later days Mr. Collier said that his folio had previously been in the possession of a Mr. Parry. On the other hand, Mr. Parry (then a very aged man) failed to recognize his folio in Mr. Collier's, for *his* copy was "cropped," whereas the leaves of Mr. Collier's example were *not* mutilated. Here, then ("Inquiry," pp. 12, 61), we have two descriptions of the outward aspect of Mr. Collier's dubious treasure. In one account it is "much cropped" by the bookbinder's cruel shears; in the other, its uncut condition is contrasted with that of a copy which has been "cropped." In any case, Mr. Collier hoped, he says, to complete an imperfect folio he possessed with leaves taken from the folio newly acquired for shillings. But the volumes happened to have the same defects, and the healing process was impossible. Mr. Collier chanced to be going into the country, when, in packing the folio he had bought of Rudd, he saw it was covered with manuscript corrections in an old hand. These he was inclined to attribute to one Thomas Perkins, whose name was written on the fly-leaf, and who might have been a connection of Richard Perkins, the actor (flor. 1633). The notes contained many various readings, and very numerous changes in punctuation. Some of these Mr. Collier published in his "Notes and Emendations" (1852), and in an edition of the "Plays." There was much discussion, much doubt, and the previous folio of the old corrector (who was presumed to have marked the book in the theater during early performances) was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries. Then Mr. Collier presented the treasure to the Duke of Devonshire, who again lent it for examination to the British Museum. Mr. Hamilton published in the Times (July, 1859) the results of his examination of the old corrector. It turned out that the old corrector was a modern myth. He had first made his corrections in pencil, and in a modern hand, and then he had copied them over in ink, and in a forged ancient hand. The same word sometimes recurred in both handwritings. The ink, which looked old, was really no English ink at all, not even Ireland's mixture. It seemed to be sepia, sometimes mixed with a little Indian ink. Mr. Hamilton made many other sad discoveries. He pointed out that Mr. Collier had published, from a Dulwich MS., a letter of Mrs. Alleyn's (the actors' wife), referring to Shakspeare as "Mr. Shakspeare of the Globe." Now, the Dulwich MS. was mutilated and blank in the very place where this interesting reference should have occurred. Such is a skeleton history of the old corrector, his works and ways. It is probable that—thanks to his assiduities—new Shakspearian documents will in future be received with extreme scepticism; and this is all the fruit, except acres of newspaper correspondence, which the world has derived from Mr. Collier's greasy and imperfect "corrected folio."

The recency and (to a Shakspearian critic) the importance of these forgeries, obscures the humble merit of Surtees, with his ballad of the "Slaying of Antony Featherstonhaugh," and of "Bartram's Dirge." Surtees left clever lacunæ in these songs, "collected from oral traditions," and furnished notes so learned that they took in Sir Walter Scott. There are moments when I half suspect "the Shirra himself" (who forged so many extracts from "Old Plays") of having composed "Kinmont Willie." To compare old Scott of Satchell's account of Kinmont Willie with the ballad is to feel uncomfortable doubts. But this is a rank impiety. The last ballad forgery of much note

\* From *The Contemporary Review*. Continued from Jan. 12, and concluded.

was the set of sham Macedonian epics and popular songs (all about Alexander the Great and other heroes) which a school-master in the Rhodope imposed on M. Verkovich. The trick was not badly done, and the intimation of "ballad slang" was excellent. The "Oera Linda book," too, was successful enough to be translated into English. With this latest effort of the tenth muse, the crafty muse of Literary Forgery, we may leave a topic which could not be exhausted in a ponderous volume. We have not room even for the forged letters of Shelley, to which Mr. Browning, being taken in thereby, wrote a preface, nor for the forged letters of Mr. Ruskin, which hoaxed all the newspapers not long ago. Even as we write, the Academy has been gulled by a literary fraud in Blackwood's Magazine, and the Spectator by an American imposition, forged poems. Impostures will not cease while dupes are found among critics.

### Mr. Ruskin on "Punch."

(From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.)

THERE is no falling off in the interest excited by Mr. Ruskin's lectures at Oxford, and the audience which greeted him yesterday afternoon was, if possible packed closer than ever. Resuming at the point where he had left off last term, Mr. Ruskin passed from the art which appeals only to men of cultivated minds and gentle temper to that which is able at once to arouse the interest of a child and to break the apathy of a clown. The phrase "cheap art" contains a dangerous fallacy, for it is (said Mr. Ruskin) one of the paradoxes of my political economy which you will find one day to be an expression of quite final truth that there is no such thing as real cheapness. Everything has its just and necessary price, which you can no more alter than you can alter the course of the earth, and whenever you boast that you have bought anything for half price be assured that some one else has had to pay the other half. Still there are obviously some forms of art which, as involving less labor and less rare genius, are more generally attainable than others, and it is this kind of art which necessarily has most influence over simple minds. Of all instruments of cheap art in this sense the woodcut is the most important, and there is no limit to the mischief it can do by encouraging vulgar and vile modes of design. Indeed no entirely beautiful representation is possible in a woodcut, whereas everything vulgar and ugly is. I have brought here (said Mr. Ruskin), framed for your permanent enjoyment, a selection of woodcuts, ignorantly drawn and vilely engraved, from a book on "The Races of Southern America," representing whatever is savage and sordid, ridiculous and vicious, in human nature, and I shall place them in your Standard Series, next to some scientific studies by Tintoret, in which you can see all that is graceful in form, true in instinct, and cultivated in capacity. Mr. Ruskin exhibited also some woodcuts ("by no means the ugliest") from a recent book "La Pourquoi de Mdle. Susanne," which purports to "amusingly instruct" a young girl in the elements of science. There is a woman struck by lightning for her instruction, a liver exposed for her satisfaction, and a nightmare described to her entertainment; and whatever monstrosities are known to science are here collected in one black company by cheap engraving. Of another result of this cheap art a critic wrote the other day that "by a series of bands of black and red paint the demoniac beauty of the sunset was entirely successfully reproduced"—a remark, said Mr. Ruskin, which contains everything that is wrong, call it demoniac, diabolic, or æsthetic, as you will.

From these general remarks Mr. Ruskin turned to the English artists who had put the woodcut to a better use. The title of the lecture was "The Fireside: John Leech and John Tenniel;" but although he had given these names as those of the real founder and of by far the greatest illustrator of Punch, he took rather the work of Mr. Du Maurier as typical of entirely classic wood engraving. For examples to be placed in the Standard Series Mr. Ruskin had selected Mr. Du Maurier's favorite heroines, Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns and Lady Midas; and he pointed out how the beauty of the younger lady depended on eight or ten strokes across the cheek. It is an optical law that transparency depends on dark over light; a snow-storm seen over a dark sky is not transparent, rain seen between us and a rainbow is. Mr. Du Maurier sometimes carries this law to an excess, and his drawings are often more like a chessboard than a picture; but nothing can be more perfectly true and right than the workmanship in many of his smaller studies, and Mr. Du Maurier's faithful representation of beautiful faces is one of

the chief glories of "the immortal periodical." The kindly and vivid genius of Leech saw a jest in everything, and his loving wit covered the whole range of social life. Mr. Tenniel has given a graver scope and a steadier tone to the license of political controversy. Mr. Du Maurier's work has been to illustrate the law on which Mr. Ruskin insisted in a former lecture, and to which he alluded again in "Fors" the other day, that "on all the beautiful features of men and women, throughout the ages, are written the solemnities and majesty of the law they knew, with the charity and meekness of their obedience, and on all unbeautiful features are written either ignorance of the law, or the malice and insolence of their disobedience." And from this point of view Mr. Ruskin exhibited enlarged copies of "Alderman Sir Richard" (with his "very expensive cast of features") and the "the colonel," in which Mr. Du Maurier has shown with accurate delineation, never degenerating into caricature, the permanent deterioration of feature on the one hand which results from self-indulgence, and the noble type which comes on the other from habitual self-control and just self-respect.

It is only Punch's business to be for a moment serious, but there are lessons worth learning for all that. Punch has always been a polite Whig, with a sentimental respect for the crown and a real respect for property, steadily flattering Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone, and having for his ideal of human perfection the British hunting squire, the British colonel, and the British sailor. The hunting squire: and the most beautiful sketch by Leech, or, indeed, in the whole of Punch, is Miss Alice on her father's horse. But is it not a remarkable thing that Leech should never have stopped to ask whether all girls can be like Miss Alice, and that Punch should never have seen any beauty in the poor? Nor is that all. Mr. Du Maurier's children, with whom the ladies reclining in elegant attitudes are generally too idle to play, are extremely pretty; but have you not noticed how much their prettiness depends on the dressing of their back hair and on their boots? The girls are beautiful, too, but there is a look of somewhat defiant pride in them all; and there is not a single girl in Punch with humility or enthusiasm written on her face. The popular voice is strong in Punch, and is it not remarkable, too, that the incarnate John Bull should always be a farmer, and never a manufacturer? and that Punch's idea of civic majesty should be this repulsive picture of "Sir Pompey"? Look, too, at this characteristic type of British heroism—"John Bull guards his pudding." Is this the final outcome of King Arthur and St. George, of Britannia and the British lion? And is it your pride or hope or pleasure that in this sacred island that has given her lion hearts to Eastern tombs and her pilgrim fathers to Western lands, that has wrapped the sea round her as a mantle and breathed against her strong bosom the air of every wind, the children born to her in these latter days should have no loftier legend to write upon their shields than—"John Bull guards his pudding"? It is our fault, Mr. Ruskin continued, and not the artist's; and I have often wondered what Mr. Tenniel might have done for us if London had been as Venice or Florence or Siena. In my first course of lectures I called your attention to the picture of the doge Mocenigo kneeling in prayer; and it is our fault more than Mr. Tenniel's if he is forced to represent the heads of the government dining at Greenwich rather than worshipping at St. Paul's.

But I have been too long, said Mr. Ruskin, in carping, and let me bear tribute in conclusion to the charm which these artists have given to the hearth and the fireside. With whatever restrictions you should receive their flattery, this at least you may thankfully recognize, that it contains evidence enough of the beauty and crescent strength of the young generation. At no period—and I speak after careful and minute comparison—has there ever been anything so refined, so innocent, so dainty pure, as the girl beauty of the British islands. And I know from my own experience of help received from young members of this university that there was never a time when the country could more securely trust her destiny to the genius of her sons and her honor to their hearts.

### Dying in Harness.

IN THE PREFACE to "The Conquest of England," by John Richard Green, his widow tells, as follows, the painful story of the writing of that book, recently published by Macmillan & Co.:

A few words of introduction are needed to the following unfinished story of the "Conquest of England," in which I may explain how far these pages in their present form represent the final work and intention of their writer. I cannot do this save by giving some short account of how the book was written; and



the tale of the two volumes, the 'Making of England' and the 'Conquest of England,' forms in fact but one story.

After Mr. Green had closed the fourth volume of his 'History of the English People,' an apparent pause in the illness against which he had long been struggling made it seem possible that some years of life might yet lie before him. For the first time he could look forward to labor less fettered and hindered than of old by stress of weakness, in which he might gather up the fruit of past years of preparation; and with the vehement ardor of a new hope he threw himself into schemes of work till then denied him. But he had scarcely begun to shape his plans when they were suddenly cut down. In the early spring of 1881 he was seized by a violent attack of illness, and it needed but a little time to show that there could never be any return of hope. The days that might still be left to him must henceforth be conquered day by day from death. In the extremity of ruin and defeat he found a higher fidelity and a perfect strength. The way of success was closed, the way of courageous effort still lay open. Touched with the spirit of that impassioned patriotism which animated all his powers, he believed that before he died some faithful work might yet be accomplished for those who should come after him. At the moment of his greatest bodily weakness, when fear had deepened into the conviction that he had scarcely a few weeks to live, his decision was made. The old plans for work were taken out, and from these a new scheme was rapidly drawn up in such a form that if strength lasted it might be wrought into a continuous narrative, while if life failed some finished part of it might be embodied in the earlier 'History.' Thus under the shadow of death the 'Making of England' was begun. During the five summer months in which it was written that shadow never lifted. It was the opinion of his doctors that life was only prolonged from day to day throughout that time by the astonishing force of his own will, by the constancy of a resolve that wholly set aside all personal aims. His courage took no touch of gloom or disappointment; every moment of comparative ease was given to his task; when such moments failed, hours of languor and distress were given with the same unflinching patience. As he lay worn with sickness, in his extreme weakness unable to write a line with his own hand, he was forced for the first time to learn how to dictate; he had not even strength himself to mark the corrections on his printer's proofs, and these, too, were dictated by him, while the references for the volume were drawn up as books were carried one by one to his bedside, and the notes from them entered by his directions. With such sustained zeal, such eager conscientiousness was his work done, that much of it was wholly rewritten five times, other parts three times; till, as autumn drew on, he was driven from England, and it became needful to bring the book rapidly to an end, which fell short of his original scheme, and to close the last chapters with less finish and fulness of labor.

The spring of 1882 found the same frail and suffering life still left to him. But sickness had no force to quench the ardor of his spirit. Careful only to save what time might yet remain for his work, he hastened to England in May, and once more all sense of weakness seemed to vanish before the joy of coming again to his own land. He had long eagerly desired to press forward to later periods of English history, in which the more varied forces at work in the national life, and the larger issues that hung on them, might give free play to his own personal sympathies. But the conditions of his life shut out the possibility of choice; and he resolutely turned again to the interrupted history of early England, to take up the tale at the period of its greatest obscurity and difficulty. In the scheme which was drawn up at this time the present volume was to have closed with the 'Conquest of England' by the Danes. This plan, was, in fact, a return to the division adopted in the 'Short History of the English People,' where the conquest by Swein was looked on as the turning-point of the story, and a new period in the history of England began from the time when the English people first bowed to the yoke of foreign masters, and 'kings from Denmark were succeeded by kings from Normandy, and these by kings from Anjou.' The eight chapters which bring the narrative to the Danish Conquest form the work that filled the last months of his life—a work still carried on with the same patient and enduring force, and done with that careful haste which comes of the knowledge that each month's toil may be the last. The book in this earlier form was finished and printed in the autumn, though in the pressing peril of the time the final chapters were so brief as to be scarcely more than outlines. Once more he was forced to leave England for the south. In spite of fast increasing illness, and oppressed by heavy suffering,

he there reviewed his whole work with earnest care. It seemed to him still far from his conception of what it might be; the difficulty of the subject roused in him a fresh desire to bring it home with living interest to his readers; and he believed this might be done by some added labor on his part. He resolved to make important changes in the original plan and in its order, to rewrite some portions, and to extend the history beyond the conquest of England by the Danes to its conquest by the Normans. The printed book was at once cancelled. With a last effort of supreme ardor and devotion, he set himself to a task which he was never to finish. A new opening chapter was formed by drawing together the materials he possessed for a sketch of the English people at the opening of their long struggle with the invaders. But as the chapter drew toward its end his strength failed. The pages which now close it were the last words ever written by his hand—words written one morning in haste, for weakness had already drawn on so fast that when in weakness he at last laid down his pen he never again found strength even to read over the words he had set down.

But even then his work was not over. In this last extremity of weakness his mind still turned constantly to the story of his people. He would still hope, night by night, that on the coming day there might be some brief moment in which he could even yet dictate the thoughts that were shaping themselves in his mind—some larger account of the history of the English shires which was now taking form after long thinking, or some completer view of the rule of the Danish kings, or some insight of a more sure judgment and knowledge into the relations of the Norman conquest. Many years before, listening to some light talk about the epitaphs which men might win, he had said half unconsciously, 'I know what men will say of me: "He died learning;"' and he made the passing word into a noble truth. 'So long as he lived he strove to live worthily.' By patient and laborious work, by reverence and singleness of purpose, by a long self-mastery, he had 'earned diligently' his due reward in experience, knowledge, matured wisdom, a wider outlook, and a deeper insight. It was impossible for him not to know that his powers were only now coming to their full strength, and that his real work lay yet before him. 'I have work to do that I know is good,' he said when he heard he had only a few days to live. 'I will try to win but one week more to write some part of it down.' Another conquest than this, however, lay before him. It was as death drew nearer still that for the first time he said, 'Now I am weary; I can work no more.' Thus he laid down with uncomplaining patience the task he had taken up with unflinching courage. 'God so granted it him.' In those last days, as in his latest thoughts, the great love he bore his country was still, as it had ever been, the true inspiration of his life. The single aim that guided all his work till the end came was the desire to quicken in others that eager sense which he himself had of how rich the inheritance of our fathers is with the promise of the future, and to bring home to every Englishman some part of the beauty that kindled his own enthusiasm in the story, whether old or new, of the English people.

### Current Criticism.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON'S PERSONALITY:—Mr. P. B. Marston's poetry is extremely personal; it is written to please himself, to assuage his own longings and regrets, to give plastic form to shadowy and visionary figures that exist for him alone, and for him only in memory; but when this monotony is accepted as the sign-manual of a very sincere writer to whom life has only spoken in one way, and who cannot feign what he has not felt, then there is little to be said but praise. In 'Wind-Voices,' too, the influence of Rossetti has almost disappeared, or lingers only in the occasional use of some sesquipedalian word that gives a false air of likeness to an otherwise totally dissimilar poem. Mr. Marston is the poet of bereavement. In his verses, as in such notices as have at various times come before the world, we are made conscious that this young poet, already so severely stricken in himself, has had to endure the additional and constantly repeated blow of the loss of those who encouraged and associated with him. His new book is largely taken up with pieces that are more or less openly elegiacal, laments for the dead who have left him one by one. The grief which finds so sincere and thrilling a voice in these poems is almost more poignant than any which we recollect in literature, because it has none of the barren distress of such poets as Leopardi, or of the school of Heine, or of one of Mr. Marston's dead friends, the singular author of the 'City of Dreadful Night.' All those pessimistic writers have adopted the garb of despair from idiosyn-

crazy, or from affectation, or from chagrin, as the case may be; they have, at all events, volunteered to adopt it. But we feel that Mr. Marston, who speaks of himself as sitting alone in the gloom—

'Under the shadow of my dark yew tree'—  
would be joyous, as others are, if life had presented him with the gifts that are due to men.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

**FRENCH POETRY IN 1883:**—Poetry has drooped singularly this year. The great voices are silent. What remains of the activity of Victor Hugo is devoted to the great *édition définitive* of his works, which not only comprises a text *ne varietur* of works that have long been familiar to the world, but comprises in its appendices considerable variants, extensive fragments suppressed hitherto for prudential reasons, and pieces hitherto entirely unpublished. Since he has entered the Academy, M. Sully Prudhomme has not treated his admirers to a new volume of verse; he, too, is issuing in a sumptuous form a complete collection of his works, and is more and more absorbed in metaphysical studies, which have always had so much interest for his subtle intellect, and to which we already owe the masterly introduction to his 'Lucretius.' He has published this year a great treatise on the principles of literary and artistic expression, in which he treats as a poet and a philosopher the subject on which Darwin has touched in 'Expression of the Emotions.'—*M. de Pressensé in The Athenæum*.

**WHAT DOCTORS HAVE DONE FOR GERMANY:**—It is an undeniable fact that the greatest intellectual achievements of the German nation, the invention of printing and the Reformation, have to do with the world of books, and its most heroic characters, like Luther and Frederick the Great, were also writers. The most popular hero of German romance is 'Doctor' Faust, and the most popular man in German history is 'Doctor' Luther; the most popular poet of the German nation is 'Doctor' Schiller—all professors and university *savants*; and long before the Emperor William, 'Barbablanca,' at Versailles put on his head the crown of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, the poet Platen proclaimed Goethe the German emperor by grace of intellect.—*Robert Zimmermann in The Athenæum*.

**MARY ANDERSON'S CHARM:**—It is to be doubted whether Miss Anderson would make even Juliet very impulsive, even Lady Teazle very vivacious. These parts, then, are not for her. She brings to the performance of characters less exacting in their demands upon the temperament of the artist her own order of charm. That is the charm of formal and delicate beauty, rendered more serviceable by intelligent study and patient work. We do not desire to underrate it. But the later performances of Miss Anderson reveal that which was at first suspected—that, apart from an agreeable and sympathetic voice, her personal attractiveness lies somewhat in her faultless uniformity of beauty, and that her genius (to use a very big word to describe it) is of that order which has been spoken of as 'an infinite capacity for taking pains.' Much may be done with these qualifications—much, but not all—and it is much that Miss Anderson gracefully accomplishes.—*Frederick Wedmore in The Academy*.

**AN UNREWARDED LABOR:**—The reward of the index-maker is in no way adjusted to the amount of labor which he expends upon his task. He is given a certain piece of work to do at a certain price, and he may do it as well or as poorly as he chooses. The manner in which he performs it will not affect the remuneration which he may expect to receive for similar work in the future. He is given no directions as to how he is to proceed, there are no rules to guide him, and he has no criterion by which to weigh the quality of his work. The publisher looks upon the index as a necessary adjunct to a book, just like the binding, and his only concern is to turn it out as cheaply as possible. The species of literary thing we call 'index' is in consequence an unheeded, unfostered, and sickly growth, usually the product of ignorance and stupidity. The index-maker cannot afford to have the least spark of a literary conscience in him. The moment he begins to weigh and discriminate, he is lost.—*The American*.

**BULWER CARICATURED:**—His friends and enemies, if he still has enemies, must alike admit that he was a very remarkable man. Whatever he did was more or less successful. His poetry has been severely criticised. His novels were assailed as pinchbeck, first by superfine persons, then by the majority of those whose opinion on literary subjects is respected. Thackeray caricatured him mercilessly, and with consummate dexterity. A *Bon Gaultier* Ballad depicted him as 'howling melancholy homage to the moon.' Mr. Tennyson described him as a

'bandbox,' and as 'the padded man that wears the stays,' and asked him, in verse that deserves to live:

'What profits it to understand  
The merits of a spotless shirt,  
The dapper foot, the little hand,  
If half the little soul be dirt?'

*The Saturday Review.*

## Reviews

### "Songs Unsung."

MR. LEWIS MORRIS presents himself once more before the English public and the American as well, in a fresh volume of poems, most of which are short, but some few of which, like the 'Niobe,' 'Odalis,' 'The New Creed,' 'Saint Christopher' and 'Clytemnestra in Paris' show a very considerable range of thought and compass of mood. The reader certainly will find a new opportunity to test the poet's value as a singer and as a thinker. Mr. Morris is never vague, or diffuse, or pointless. Both his road and the end of it are always in view. He has, moreover, a steady, reliable purpose as a foundation out of which every poem comes. When poetry grounds itself on a man's life, or his actual beliefs, it has something at least of reality in it. The poems of fancy, of which there are but too many in the world at all times, are more superficial, too seldom reach down to the hard structure of reality. Of Mr. Morris it may safely be said that he presents us this sort of fancy very sparingly. Imagination working in conjunction with observation and judgment furnishes the more solid ground of his work.

The three series of 'Pictures' scattered through the volume make clear that the imagination is not lacking in fertility. These, in vividness, clearness of outline, beauty, or occasional sombreness, recall the suggestions for stories which are scattered through Hawthorne's 'Note Books.' They are more than suggestive: they are completed sketches, and full of dramatic possibilities. When our conception is filled out, however, the dramatic intensity is not so sure to be present. Intensity is not, indeed, Mr. Morris's forte. He is incapable of luridness. The calmness of his own mood passes into that of his passionate characters. He is not capable of stormy passions; but within the compass of his own powers he treads the ground firmly. There is no wordy waste in reaching his own best heights. The painting of Niobe's grief is a good specimen of his best work. Niobe is a modern woman in conception and in the elements of the story as Mr. Morris paints her. Her pride is not godlike, but womanly, motherly; and her grief is not Titanic, but human. But if she loses the heroic mould of the Greek and Roman story, she gains in naturalness and wins our sympathy. The poet admits that her pride in her sons and daughters was excessive; but the impiety was almost excusable. It is certainly not offensive to the reader, as it is in the ancient story. Even the pride is recognizable as a human failing. In the old story, the pride refuses to melt at all until it melts all at once; but more natural is the course of the modern poet, who lays stress on the early premonition of calamity which takes possession of the mother's heart with the first blow. The death of the sons is beautifully told as are also the pathetic incidents natural to the obsequies; the sorrow and fate of the daughters are hinted in simply and delicately, and the living heart of the woman that still survives in the stony form is well reproduced. In the whole picture there is no such wrestling with imagery or with agony as there would surely be in some of the Hugoesque writers of to-day.

The poet easily reaches his own heights of passion and easily sustains himself there, showing a knowledge of the road and alertness in travelling over it in this poem as also in the 'Clytemnestra in Paris,' which is a modern police-court incident, suitable to Gaboriau or Charles Reade, but treated moderately and poetically. Tennyson would bring out intense passion and pathos from such a situation as the Parisian Clytemnestra's; but Tennyson not only has an imagination of great force and power, but the imagination has an attachment of subtle metaphysical analysis—a process in which Mr. Morris is as yet a mere tyro. And yet the latter moves on just and reasonable lines. His action is moderate in tone, but his interpretation is in consonance with experience. The best touch in the poem is the woman's unconscious condemnation of herself in her escape of passion against her fellow-prisoners.

A noticeable feature of Mr. Morris's cast of thought and style of writing comes out in 'The New Creed.' The new questions which the analytical mood of this century has forced upon all scholarly thinkers disturb the poets more, perhaps, than they do



any other class of workers in literature. The whole turn of the poetical mind is so antagonistic to the turn of the experimentalist, that when a man comes whose study or reading ranges over the double field of the ancient and modern world, or of the ideal and the practical world, the clash of interests is at once apparent. How to reconcile our dreams with our fulfilment, our pictures with our experience—this becomes the problem of the poet who has a metaphysical turn. The modern poet feels bound to wrestle with the problems in order to justify himself for daring to dream or to hope at all. 'The New Creed' shows one of the forms of this problem. Whether Mr. Morris settles the matter satisfactorily to the sceptical thinker or to the churchman, or not, is one thing. It is enough that he takes the ground which the poet must take if he deals with this theme at all.

'Yesterday, to a girl I said:  
"I take no pity for the unworthy dead,  
The wicked, the unjust, the vile who die;  
'Twere better thus that they should rot and lie.  
The sweet, the lovable, the just  
Make holy dust:  
Elsewhere than on the earth  
Shall come their second birth.  
Until they go each to his destined place,  
Whether it be to bliss or to disgrace,  
'Tis well that both should rest; and for a while be dead."  
"There is nowhere else," she said.'

This is the doubt with which the poet is confronted; and he enlarges upon it, and preaches a sermon on the theme 'There is nowhere else,' in a girl's mouth, who should be hopeful, and sweet, not bitter and a sceptic. The conclusion of the sermon is the poet's creed—every poet's creed:

'This truth alone of all truths else hold fast:  
From lower to higher, from simple to complete,  
This is the pathway of the Eternal Feet;  
From earth to lichen, herb to flowering tree,  
From cell to creeping worms, from man to what shall be.  
This is the solemn lesson of all time,  
This is the teaching of the voice sublime.  
Eternal are the worlds and all that them do fill;  
Eternal is the march of the Creator's will;  
Eternal is the life of moon, and sun, and star;  
Aye, even though they fade awhile, they are;  
And tho' they pause from shining, speed forever still.'

Here we have a specimen of the poet's manner,—his moderation of tone, his grace of style without much ornament, his poetical quality of construction, as well as his metaphysical taste.

#### Music in England and America.\*

DR. RITTER'S two books are to be treated as one, the chief value of the volume on music in England consisting in the light that it throws on the subject discussed in the other volume. Most of this light falls on one phase of musical development in this country—the Puritan psalmody of New England; but this is the phase which is, both historically and æsthetically, the most interesting. The direct impulse to psalmody having come from England, Dr. Ritter sketches the state of music in that country at the time when the impulse was given, consistently following an admirable purpose in keeping in sight all the time the productive side of English culture. He treats of the composers of the Elizabethan era, the decline of musical culture under Puritan rule, and the revival after the Restoration, and supplements these chapters with a discussion of the music of the Roman Catholic, Anglican, Lutheran and Genevan churches, and an outline of the æsthetic opinions held by old English writers. The psalmody element is then traced through its New England development, and an admirable picture is drawn of the first protests against Puritanical restriction, and of the dawn of the artistic spirit.

Dr. Ritter's treatment of the Billings school (which, crude to a degree, was yet full of genuine creative fire, and sent galvanic shocks in all directions) and his narrative of the activity of the early and later psalm-tune teachers, are not only the most interesting but also the most valuable portions of the work. The story of the cultivation of European music is pursued through the records of the instrumental and vocal societies of New York, Boston, and New Orleans as three centres of culture. The absence of all old organizations in New York (the Philharmonic is the oldest, and dates back only to 1842) prevented the writing of any continuous story from which conclusions touching the progress in public taste could be drawn, and the result is that the account of the secular practice of music in this city is sketchy, and runs out very unsatisfactorily. Yet all must rejoice that the

difficult pioneer work in gathering valuable material has been done.

So much for the scope and contents of this book, which, we are bound to say, is calculated to call up a contest in the minds of students of musical history which will make its reading a not entirely pleasant task. A glance through the pages suffices to show that the undertaking began in a praiseworthy purpose. For a reason as obvious as that which would have prevented a treatise on snakes in Ireland, we cannot yet have a history of American music; but as influences have been at work for at least a century and a half which will have to be considered when the future American school is discussed, it is fortunate that a musician equipped with the rare qualities of a historian has been found willing to gather up the *dissecta membra* scattered over that period and place them in a museum for the future musical Cuvier. Knowing how great are the difficulties which hedge such an undertaking, the gratitude which its accomplishment inspires is so great as almost to win for the result immunity from fault-finding. There are considerations, however, which are paramount to those of feeling, and the danger that in England, where Dr. Ritter enjoys considerable popularity, the book on music in America will be accepted as a complete and always correct presentation of the subject, compels the warning that it should not be followed as a guide in all things, and particularly that its dicta should not be looked upon as conclusive evidence of the present state of music in the centres of musical culture in this country. This consideration is the first that would give us pause in the unqualified commendation of a work which nevertheless merits much praise. The second—more personal—is the recognition in its pages of frequent faults of style, many errors of judgment in the selection and rejection of material, and a number of inaccuracies which disfigure a historical book even when they are trivial and do not weaken the argument. Defects of this character are most numerous in the chapters which are the result of original research, and which are devoted to recent events. In these the most careless reader cannot fail to detect a leaning to a species of literary syncopation, strong accents being placed on unimportant things and matters of real pith and moment left unaccented and sometimes unmentioned. We need only instance the attention paid to the historical concerts of Mme. Ritter on the one hand, and the scant justice meted out to Mr. Thomas on the other. Similar instances are as easily found. We look in vain for a mention of John Knowles Paine; yet he is not only a potent influence in Boston, but a product, despite his German bent of mind, of the very culture whose story Dr. Ritter has traced with such painstaking zeal through half-a-dozen chapters.

#### Recent Fiction.

THE DELICATE QUALITY of Mr. Hale's humor, which makes it something much more than merely funny, appears in the very name of his new book of stories, 'Our Christmas in a Palace' (Funk & Wagnalls), the 'Palace' being a Pullman car. The idea of describing the fun to be had on Christmas Day, even by stranded travellers, snowed in on the railroad, who insist on hanging up their stockings with remarkable results, is a capital one, and would have made a very good sketch in a single chapter; but in its present form it is spun out (with a good deal of irrelevant padding and a quite unnecessary love affair) to a length largely produced by a series of short stories told, or read, by the travellers, which would have been just as good without being linked together. Of these stories some are entertaining—especially 'Hepzibah's Turkeys' and 'Christmas in Cooney Camp'—while some are almost pointless. The excellent common-sense which gave us the admirable mottoes 'Look up and not down,' etc., is a little apt to degenerate into mere sentiment. Thus, in the first story, the 'Together' which is cut on all the gentlemen's watch-seals and inscribed in all the ladies' wedding-rings, and which is supposed to give the secret of their success in the great mining firm, is a mere bit of sentiment. It was not because they kept together that they succeeded; but because they were good, true, sensible and honest men. If they hadn't been, the quicker they had separated the better. The 'togetherness,' as Mrs. Whitney would say, is a secondary, not a primary, consideration, contributing to success, under the circumstances, but not by any means insuring it.

IT WOULD SEEM as if F. Sydney Morris in compiling the 'Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos of Ouida' (Lippincott) were doing good service; for those who do not approve of Ouida must acknowledge that she has often been witty, wise and humorous, while those who like best her wisdom, wit and pathos must acknowledge that the preponderance of her work is on the other scale.

\* Music in America. Music in England. By Frederick Louis Ritter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

To select, therefore, of her best is an admirable idea; but the book before us is a poor one. It is far too long, comprising some exceedingly commonplace utterances, and although it gives an idea of the rhythm of her sentences and her fine powers of description, the general impression is that of excessive and sentimental monotony. Even typical and really fine scenes, like the longest extract from 'Wanda,' fail of their highest effect, without the background of the rest of the novel; Wanda's indignation at the wrong her husband had done her losing much of its point when one does not know what the wrong was. The selections are not of a kind to make the reader thirst for the books themselves, which perhaps is just as well, on the whole. We advise any one who wishes to gain an idea of Ouida's best ability to read the whole of her latest novel, 'Wanda,' and, we may add, to confine himself to that one—unless possibly we include the 'Two Little Wooden Shoes.'

THE STORY which gives its title to Ouida's 'Frescoes' (Lippincott) is a charming one. It gives the best of Ouida's style in the vivid descriptions of either people or landscapes, and exhibits all the grace of her rhythmic sentences; while, being given in the form of short letters and telegrams, it has a conciseness and crispness not always found in sentences that are rhythmic. It is a delicate and tender love-story, full of humor and cleverness, though with a little unnecessary and theatrical clap-trap about desks with secret drawers, etc. The way in which the gradual change on both sides from positive dislike to the tenderest love is shown, is admirable, especially in the delicate difference between such a transition in a man's heart and in a woman's. The four other short stories in the volume are unimportant and uninteresting; but the first is delightful.

'RAISING THE PEARL,' by James Otis (Harper), is one of the best of the author's stories. The Pearl is raised early in the book, and the boys take an excursion in her to the Everglades, the scene of the whole being laid in Florida. Even the elderly reader is amused by the little pirate, Captain Tommy Tucker; and the lesson that even a bad boy may have some noble traits is a good one. The book contains plenty of adventures, with sharks, panthers, woods to get lost in, and schooners to run into the Pearl. Boys are sure to enjoy it.

A BOOK CALLED 'Hope's Heart Bells,' by Mrs. Oberholtzer (Lippincott), hardly calls for further criticism than the mention of its name. We may, however, explain that Hope was a young lady, and that her heart bells were—well, they were bells that did not want to die with all their music in them if they could find a publisher—as it seems they did.

'A DANGEROUS WOMAN,' by Gilbert A. Pierce (Henry A. Sumner & Co.), is an unnatural, sensational, and exceedingly poor story about an unscrupulous woman whose like never existed. If anything could be worse than the literary part of it, it is the illustrations.

#### Minor Notices.

IT IS NOT EASY to understand why the book called 'Characteristics,' by A. P. Russell (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), was called so, or why, indeed, it was compiled. It is not a book of essays, but a collection of anecdotes, and it would seem as if many of those in the chapter called 'The Art of Living' might just as well have been included in the one called 'Habit,' and *vice-versa*. The anecdotes are all about very distinguished people and are all exceedingly good, but they are all very familiar. We would not by any means imply that the book is a poor one, but merely that it seems to us an unnecessary one for people at all familiar with English literature and the lives of literary men, or who already possess a library of tolerable size which is sure to include, though in many different books, almost all of importance that they would find in this. The chapter on 'The Conversation of Coleridge' gives hardly a word that Coleridge himself ever uttered, being filled with paragraphs from sixteen different authors telling us what they thought of the conversation; which is all very well in its way, but hardly more vivid than the assurance of a novelist that her heroine was the most remarkable creature that ever breathed. The book is a good one for people who do not happen to know already nearly all that it contains.

'JOHN FARMER,' by John Le Bosquet (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is the memoir of a gentleman well known in New Hampshire as an indefatigable worker on State and local history, fifty years ago. The memoir will hardly be of more than local interest,

and even for a personal friend would contain much unimportant information. We fail to see how it could interest any one to know that in dating a letter Dr. Farmer 'usually put the number of the day before the name of the month—with the name of the month abbreviated when possible,—and then the year; as "1 Jan. 1881."'

### The American Copyright League.

#### TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

The American Copyright League is an association organized by American authors, the object of which is to urge a reform of American copyright law, and primarily the abolition, so far as possible, of all discriminations between the American and the foreign author. An Executive Committee has been formed in New York, with corresponding members in other cities, which will direct the action of the League. This committee consists of Messrs. John Bigelow, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Noah Brooks, the Rev. Drs. Robert Collyer and Howard Crosby, Edward Eggleston, Sydney Howard Gay, Richard Watson Gilder, Parke Godwin, George Walton Green, Laurence Hutton, Brander Matthews, Assistant Bishop H. C. Potter, A. Thorndike Rice, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Henry Stoddard, Bayard Tuckerman, Charles Dudley Warner, E. L. Youmans and G. P. Lathrop, Secretary.

About one hundred and fifty authors and journalists of standing have already signed the roll of the League, which simply pledges them to aid, by all means in their power, in achieving the object of the association. Among these members may be mentioned President Porter of Yale, President Eliot of Harvard, Profs. Francis J. Child, Chas. Eliot Norton, Wm. G. Whitney, W. G. Sumner, T. R. Lounsbury, Rev. Theodore D. Woolsey, Messrs. John Fiske, W. D. Howells, T. B. Aldrich, S. L. Clemens, T. W. Higginson, E. P. Roe, Donald G. Mitchell, W. H. Bishop, Edgar Fawcett, W. J. Rolfe, Richard Grant White, Justin Winsor, Geo. W. Cable, Charles Gayarré, Walt Whitman, John Burroughs, John Bach McMaster, E. L. Godkin, Horace White and Prof. Eliot Coues. Women authors are well represented by Harriet Beecher Stowe, Julia Ward Howe, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Louisa M. Alcott, Mary Mapes Dodge, Rose Terry Cooke, Harriet W. Preston, Helen Jackson ('H. H.') and others.

It appears from this partial list, and from the number of authors involved, that the movement, which is only just under way, is the most comprehensive and formidable yet made by the literary class. The League will favor a copyright treaty with England, provided a just one can be framed; but it criticises as unfair to the author those clauses in the pending draft before Congress which limit the time for obtaining foreign copyright to a few months, and compel authors to have their books manufactured in the copyrighting country. It nevertheless considers the adoption of some measure imperative, in order to save American literature from the destruction threatened by the present state of things, and would prefer to see a moderately good treaty go through, than none at all. With some substantial alterations, the Dorsheimer bill would meet with its approval.

Authors of all kinds—scientific, professional, imaginative, technical—with magazinites and journalists, are invited to send their names for enrolment to the undersigned. All sympathizers with the movement, who are not authors, are asked to do the same. No fees or dues are required.

G. P. LATHROP, Secretary.

80 WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK, Jan. 15, 1884.

### Mr. Green and His History.

#### TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

In his preface to 'The Making of England,' Mr. John Richard Green speaks of the period which he treats as 'comparatively unknown,' and says that it is a misfortune that 'its struggles, which were in reality the birth-throes of our national life, should be still to most Englishmen, as they were to Milton, mere battles of kites and of crows.'

When I read this reflection upon Milton, I thought it exceedingly strange that an author who had minutely traced out all the intricacies of the early history of Britain, and who had deprecated popular ignorance on the subject so thoroughly as Milton did in his introduction,—who had implored 'divine assistance that it might redound to his glory and the good of the British nation,—should have looked upon the 'birth-throes' as mere battles of kites and crows! I therefore searched for the passage in Milton, which Mr. Green carefully omitted to direct his readers



to, and discovered that the particular bickerings that Milton likened to 'the wars of kites and crows, flocking and fighting in the air,' were certain incidents at the time of King Egbert, of such small importance that Mr. Green does not even refer to them in his history! Nowhere does Milton characterize the struggles which 'were in reality the birth-throes of English national life as the mere battles of kites and crows.

While I am writing, allow me to say that it is not correct to state, as it is now the custom to state, that Mr. Green was the originator of the mode of writing history that he adopted. If you will refer to the Introduction of Charles Knight's popular History of England, you will hear him say:

'History, as it is generally written, deals too exclusively with public events; and is carried on too much "in separate divisions." We ought not only to chronicle the acts of sovereigns and statesmen.

... We should understand the inseparable connection between the State history and the Domestic. When there is prosperous industry and fireside comfort, then, it may be assumed, there is good government.

... Properly to trace this essential connection between Government and People, we must look at history from a new point of view. We must put the people in the foreground. We must study events and institutions, not as abstract facts, but as influencing the condition of the whole nation. "The monstrous creed of millions made for one" is gone. Let us look at the millions with another faith—the faith of our own times.'

It was in this spirit—the words were written nearly thirty years ago—that Charles Knight wrote his history, and it is one of the most useful works of the kind yet produced. To him belongs the honor of beginning the fashion of writing histories of the people.

R. N.

### A Sonnet by Browning.

MR. RAWDON BROWN, an Englishman of culture, well known to visitors in Venice, died in that city in the summer of 1883. He went to Venice for a short visit, with a definite object in view, and ended by staying forty years. An incident of his death is recorded in the following sonnet of Robert Browning, written last November, which is printed in the *Bric-à-Brac* of the February *Century* by Mr. Browning's permission, and that of the lady at whose request it was written. The motto of the verse is 'Tutti ga i so gusti e mi go i mii,' ('Everybody follows his taste, and I follow mine,')—a Venetian saying.

Sighed Rawdon Brown: 'Yes, I'm departing, Toni!  
I needs must, just this once before I die,  
Revisit England: *Anglus* Brown am I,  
Although my heart's Venetian. Yes, old crony—  
Venice and London—London's Death the Bony  
Compared with Life—that's Venice! what a sky,  
A sea, this morning! One last look! Good-by,  
Ca' Pesaro! no lion—I'm a coney  
To weep! I'm dazzled; 'tis that sun I view  
Rippling the . . . the . . . Cospetto, Toni! Down  
With carpet-bag and off with valise-straps!  
"Bella Venezia, non ti lascio più!"  
Nor did Brown ever leave her; well, perhaps  
Browning, next week, may find himself quite Brown!

### The Lounger

I AM NOTHING of a theologian, but I have been much interested in following the recent assault on Dr. Heber Newton. My first thought, on reading the headlines of the newspaper articles in which the attack of last year was revived, was one of indignant surprise; but, as I read on, indignation gave way to amusement. The attitude of the clergyman's assailants—his brethren in the ministry—was so delightfully old-womanish, so reactionary and ridiculous, that I wondered they themselves were not struck by the absurdity of it. What could be better, in the way of comedy, than the outcry of the strictly orthodox but somewhat sluggish-minded gentleman, who pronounced Dr. Newton a maniac, because, forsooth, he found it 'difficult to understand him!' Or what more amusing than the declaration of another critic of the same conventional type, that the Doctor was 'doing more harm' than Ingersoll?

BUT THERE IS a serious, as well as a ludicrous side, to this controversy. The rector of a fashionable church in the upper part of the city has seen fit to declare that 'Mr. Newton ought not to be allowed to open his mouth again in a church pulpit,' as he has certainly 'violated his ordination vows.' This is

pretty frank criticism, considering that the Bishop of the Diocese has seen fit to pigeon-hole the complaints against the offender. And the charge of perjury seems to have been somewhat lightly uttered. A similar charge, in the case of two laymen, would be deemed a sufficient provocation to a cowhiding. Dr. Morgan, however, stands in no danger of a personal assault. The man whom he has so grossly insulted is possessed of a spirit as sweet as his mind is bright and his heart warm and enthusiastic. Dr. Dix has insisted on the right of the Assistant Bishop to silence the voice that has pleaded over-loudly for liberty of thought and conscience. Assistant Bishop Potter knows better his own powers. In a letter to Dr. Newton he admits that his authority in the premises is at least doubtful. But he throws himself upon the personal friendship and ecclesiastical loyalty of the 'suspect,' and so wins his point. 'I must choose between my rights and the Church's peace,' says Dr. Newton; 'and, as heretofore, I choose peace.' There will be no further lectures on the Bible just now in the Anthon Memorial Church. This is a present loss; but Dr. Newton's magnanimous renunciation of his rights has strengthened, not only himself, but the cause for which he stands,—the cause for which 'those men, howsoever named, who shut the windows on the new light, and remand us to darkness,' would have him suffer.

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND has added another picture to his national portrait gallery. Gen. Josiah Limber is as distinct a type as Col. Mulberry Sellers, and he is even more distinctively American. Sellers might be an Englishman,—he is a sort of Micawber; but Limber is an out-and-out American. It is a pity that this capital portrait has not been set in a better frame. 'For Congress' is a pretty poor play. I thought that 'The Gilded Age' was flimsy enough, but it is a masterwork compared with this production. The popular success of the new play is, however, assured.

I AM NOT SURPRISED that grown folks flock to Mr. Thomas's children's concerts. A programme that embraces Strauss's 'Blue Danube' and Weber's 'Invitation to the Dance' is a temptation even to people who publicly acknowledge a liking for Beethoven and Wagner only. The purpose of these concerts cannot be too highly commended. There is no better way of making people like good music than by familiarizing them with it. The child brought up on such music as Mr. Thomas selects, and played as Mr. Thomas plays it, is in a fair way of having a finely cultivated musical taste when he grows up, even though he may have no technical knowledge of the art.

WHAT STRUCK ME most strongly in his reading was his dramatic power. He is not the best reader I ever heard (I remember Fanny Kemble), but he does just what he aims to do: he interprets his own characters to the life. Unfortunately he left the singing of his Creole songs till the close of the evening, so that his voice was hardly in condition to do them justice. He should have introduced them between the parts; but, cool and collected as he appeared, he was slightly flustered, and actually forgot them. They were very charming when they came, however, and seemed to make a deeper impression on the audience, if anything, than the readings. The performance on the whole gave great pleasure. I have seldom seen an audience better pleased.

THERE ARE five little poems in the *Bric-à-Brac* of the February *Century* written by Mr. Austin Dobson to five American friends. Four of these friends are so modest that they only print their initials with the verses; the fifth doesn't give even that clew to his identity, and I am therefore bound to respect his incognito. The names that are indicated by their first letters are H. C. Bunner, Laurence Hutton, J. Brander Matthews, and E. C. Stedman.

HAVING READ Prof. Lounsbury's interesting Open Letter on Fielding in the February *Century*, I see that it is not an edition of Fielding in a 'scholarly shape' that he wants, but a 'complete edition' of that writer's works. In no edition have all of Fielding's Works been reprinted. Fielding's contributions to periodicals, for example, have never been gathered together. At different times the novelist was the editor of four different journals, to which he not only contributed political articles but essays that were 'full of references to the social and literary history of the time.' It seems to me that Prof. Lounsbury himself would be an admirable editor of such an edition as he suggests.

MR. CABLE was heard in his new rôle of reader of his own stories at Chickering Hall on Monday night. This was not his début here in this part, but it was his first appearance since his great Boston successes. He read one stormy afternoon, some time ago, at the Madison Square Theatre; but since then he has taken lessons of an elocutionist and is now a full-fledged 'reader.' The entertainment was most interesting, but it would have been more enjoyable in a smaller hall, though Mr. Cable's voice has developed beyond what I had thought possible, and is at times almost strong.

MR. FEUARDENT has printed and published the stenographic report of Mr. Cesnola's testimony in the trial now under way in the United States Circuit Court. It is said that the counsel for the defense offered to share the expense when they heard that the pamphlet had been issued, but withdrew the offer when they found on the title-page the following legend: 'Printed for the plaintiff.' Mr. Feuarent must be very confident of the merits of his case, to accept his opponent as his own best witness.

A FRIEND OF MINE—a broker—sends me the following ingenious arrangement of the names of members of the Stock Exchange. They are all genuine names, but I need hardly say that they are not genuine firms: Cole, Wood & Hay, Day & Knight, Schott, Towar & Co., Wolff & Fox, Brown & Green, Ham & Bacon, Fisher, Fry, Eells & Co., Baker, Taylor & Shoemaker, De Silver & Gold, White, Blacque & Gray, Burr & Hamilton, Adams, Munroe & Jackson, Joseph & Benjamin, Wood & Stone, Strong, Breese & Co., Head & Foote, Criss, Cross & Co., Bunker, Hill & Co., Hunting, Clews & Co., Buck, Schott & Ball, Young & Hardy, Keep, Content & Deal, Schley, Fox & Leo, Bolles, Knowles & Coles, Cave, Underhill & Co., Limburger, Lemon & Sage, Swords, Keen & Cutting, Cox, Combs & Co., Robins & Rook, Markham, Low & Co., Carver, Turner & Gilder, Hill & Vail, Barker & Harker, Bird, Wing & Co., Fowler & Fisher, Cumming, Quick & Co., King, Prince & Earl, Flower & Thorne, Ketcham & Kissam, Goodchild & Trueman, Wallbridge, Ferry & Ford, Libaire & Bull, Curphey, Bell & Co., Boyds, Post & Co., French & Germond, Tinker & Goldschmidt, Mills, Miller & Flower, Swan & Drake, Hart, Minis, Blood & Co., Sweet, Berry & Co., James, Thomas & Henry, and Brown, Stout & Porter.

'ONE OF THE FINEST' has been trying to turn a more or less honest penny, of late, by going about from door to door with a large engraved portrait of Garfield for sale. 'I got it up myself,' he says; and he will let you have a copy of it for a dollar. If the policeman who engages in this peddling business does so while on duty, he is robbing the people who pay his salary. If he devotes to it only his leisure moments, he has no business at such times to wear his uniform. Here is a chance for Supt. Walling to make 'the finest' yet finer, by correcting the abuses of a delinquent member.

### Notes

MESSRS. HARPER will publish next week Dr. Schliemann's 'Troja' with a preface by Prof. Sayce, part of which is devoted to a defence of the author of the book against his critics. 'Nowhere but in England,' says Prof. Sayce, 'would it have been possible for writers who enjoy a certain reputation to pass off-hand judgments and propound new theories of their own on archaeological questions, without having first taken the trouble to learn the elementary principles of the subject about which they treat.'

Mr. Louis J. Jennings is understood to be the author of 'The Millionaire,' the new novel of which Mr. Jay Gould is alleged to be the hero. Harper & Bros. have a 12mo edition of this story in press.

Another author, Mr. Robert Buchanan, is suffering from nervous prostration.

It is said that 400,000 copies of Henry George's 'Progress and Poverty' have been sold in England.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have in press 'An Epitome of Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern History,' translated from the German of Carl Plotz, by William H. Tillinghast.

Dr. William Rimmer's 'Art Anatomy,' which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in press, will have upward of seventy plates instead of fifty as at first announced.

'Every Other Saturday,' a new periodical, has just appeared in Boston. Sermons are its speciality. The first is by Dr. Newman Smyth.

The lectures on archaeology that Dr. Charles Waldstein is delivering at Columbia College are, like all his utterances, not mere *résumés* of the researches, discoveries and opinions of other scholars, but the result of his own special studies and 'finds.' The first one, given under the auspices of the Alumni Association of Columbia, on the evening of Jan. 11, was on 'The Influence of Athletic Games upon Greek Art.' A number of large drawings were used by the lecturer to demonstrate his theory. The Association invited painters, sculptors, writers, and others to attend, and the crowded audience was thoroughly interested throughout. It is to be hoped that Dr. Waldstein's duties as Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, England, and his lecture courses in the University there, will not prevent other visits, in the lecturing season, to his native city. The solid, and at the same time popular, instruction given by his scholarly and eloquent speaker is just what is needed in America to help direct aright the awakened taste for art in the community.

Dr. Waldstein's lecture was repeated last Monday as the first of a series of talks on classical archaeology to be given this winter at Johns Hopkins University. Three lectures will be delivered there in February by Mr. J. T. Clarke, who has had charge of the work at Assos of the Archaeological Institute of America. His subject will be 'The American Researches at Assos.' In February and March, Dr. A. Emerson will deliver six lectures on Olympia.

Professor Sylvester's recent call from Baltimore to Oxford has attracted more attention from the English press than from the American. The London *Times*, *The Spectator*, and *Nature*, among the papers which have come under our eye, have made the transit of this planet the occasion of noteworthy allusions to his pre-eminence among living mathematicians. In his closing speech at the Johns Hopkins University, Mr. Sylvester told an amusing anecdote of himself. When quite a child, some barber, dressing his hair, said to him: 'You have two crowns; you will eat your bread in two countries.' So events have proved. Mr. Sylvester, after graduating in the University of Cambridge, came to the University of Virginia; then he returned to England and became Professor at Woolwich; again he crossed the ocean at the call of Johns Hopkins; and now once more he crosses to become Savilian Professor at Oxford.

An English committee, including the Poet Laureate, Mr. Austin Dobson, Lord Houghton, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. G. H. Boughton and Mr. E. W. Gosse, has been formed to raise £300 to erect a double memorial to the poet Gray. It is proposed to place a marble bust by Mr. Hamo Thornicroft in Pembroke College, where the poet died, and a bronze replica in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Three hundred pounds is all that need be raised. Americans desiring to join in this memorial to the author of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' are requested to send their subscriptions to any one of the following committee: Mr. Charles Scribner, 745 Broadway, Mr. R. W. Gilder, 33 E. 17th St., Mr. H. C. Bunner, 23 Warren St., and Mr. Brander Matthews, 121 E. 18th St.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Mrs. Pelham Feeding Chickens' is the frontispiece to the New Year's number of *The Portfolio*. (Bouton.) The original picture forms one of the attractions at the Grosvenor Gallery exhibition. The fac-simile is not taken direct from the painting, but has been reproduced from a fine impression of the well-known mezzotint in the print room of the British Museum.

Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. have in press a series of Venetian sketches by Horatio F. Brown, who has been for some time resident in Venice. The book is to be called 'Life on the Lagoons.' Some of the papers in the book have already appeared in the columns of *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

A striking portrait of Keats is printed in the February *Century*—an engraving on wood of the life-mask of the poet. This is accompanied by a brief paper on Keats, by E. C. Stedman; a picture of the grave of Keats as it now is, with the new grave of Severn beside it (drawn by a son of Severn); and an editorial note giving some unpublished facts in connection with Keats and Severn.

The first chapters of a new novel by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, 'The Lover's Creed,' are published in the February number of *The Domestic Monthly*.

The current *Independent* is distinguished by a new story from the pen of W. E. Norris (author of 'Matrimony') entitled 'The Professor's Daughter.' Sir Samuel Baker prints the first of two articles on the Soudan in the same number.



G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish next week the 'Words of Christ,' by President John Bascom; a volume of poems by Augustin L. Savean; 'Only an Incident,' by Grace D. Litchfield; 'Opera Minora,' by Dr. E. C. Seguin; and 'By-ways of Nature and Life,' by Clarence Deming.

Dodd, Mead & Co. issue a supplementary catalogue — a selected list of their choice books.

Mr. Bouton's new catalogue, No. 70, contains the titles of a remarkable collection of Byroniana, embracing books and pamphlets by, or relating to, Lord Byron, comprising collected editions of his works, early editions of his separate poems, biographical memoirs, critical and historical notices of Byron and his contemporaries, translations in other languages, 'including many relating to the Pope-Bowles controversy, the Stowe scandal, etc., with many items that have been privately printed, or suppressed.'

Messrs. Putnam publish a second edition of 'Life: Its True Genesis,' by R. W. Wright.

Mr. D. Appleton Morgan sends to *Appleton's Literary Bulletin* the following clipping from his scrap-book. It is the card of a new hotel in Havana, thirty years ago: 'The Both World Hotel, Num. 80 San Ignacio Street, Plaza Vieja. In this establishment set as the European style receives lodgers which will find an splendid assistance so in eating as in habitation therefore the master count with the elements necessary.' Mr. Morgan copied the following in the summer of 1872, from the glazed original hanging on the walls of the Hotel Danieli in Venice: 'Notice. The nobility and gentry frequent this hotel are advised most respectful that Couriers or Valets de Place can to the purchas of goods and objets d'art at shops to this place thereby to great savings effected wherefore be produced by the Bureau of this Hotel.'

We are pleased to announce that *The Book-Buyer* is to be reviewed by Charles Scribner's Sons. For ten years, beginning in 1867 *The Book-Buyer* was eagerly read by book-lovers, who found in Mr. Wellford's monthly letter from London literary information they could not find elsewhere. These letters, we believe, are to be resumed, and other attractive features will be added. Fifty cents a year is the small subscription price of *The Book-Buyer*. The first number of the new issue will appear on February 1.

Don Juan Valera, the newly appointed Spanish minister, is a man-of-letters. The Washington *Capital* says: 'As a literary man he is considered one of the best of contemporary authors, and probably is the most elegant. He is a member of the Academy—a body composed of forty writers—the highest honor to a literary man; and one of the best critics. He has written many books and the most popular have been translated in several languages and published as feuilletons by the Paris *Journal des Debats*, such as "Pepita Jimenez," "El Comendador Mendoza," "Las Ilusiones del Faustino," "Dona Luz," "Parsearse de Listo," "Cuentos y Dialogos," "Algo de Todo," and a very able translation from the German of a book on the Spanish Moors.'

An appeal has been made to 'the medical profession of the world' for a memorial tribute to the late Dr. J. Marion Sims. All contributions should be addressed to *The Medical Record*, New York.

Mr. Charles Henry Miller is the American painter chosen for a biographical and critical notice in the February number of *The Magazine of Art*. Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin is the writer of the article.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* hears that the Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton, formerly of Harrisburg and Washington, but now of New York, is to be the next President of Princeton.

Porter & Coates will publish this month 'Luther and the Reformation: The Life-Springs of Our Liberties,' by Joseph A. Seiss, D.D., author of 'A Miracle in Stone,' 'Voices from Babylon,' etc.; also, 'A True History of the Charge of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry at Chancellorsville,' by Pennock Huey. They have in press 'Rod and Gun,'—the second volume of the Rod and Gun Series,—by Harry Castlemon; 'Ned in the Woods,'—the second volume of the Boy Pioneer Series,—by Edward S. Ellis; and 'Amateur Photography,'—a hand-book for lovers of that amusement,—by Ellerslie Wallace, Jr. The same firm announce an *édition de luxe* of the Ingolsby Legends, printed on the finest Holland paper, and illustrated with numerous engravings and etchings. The edition will be limited to 450 copies, numbered and signed.

Mr. Schurz's recent retirement from one of the three editorial chairs of *The Evening Post*, because of a difference of opinion between him and his associates on the merits of the recent telegraph and railroad strikes, lends timely interest to his discussion in *The North American Review* for February of the rights of employers and employed. His essay is called 'Corporations, their Employés, and the Public.'

*Cassell's Family Magazine* gives more for the price than any monthly we know of. The February number is just ready.

Max Müller's 'Deutsche Liebe,' fragments from the papers of an alien, is published by Messrs. Sonnenschein & Co.

Mr. Haité's 'Plant Studies,' the first instalment of which has just been published by Mr. Quaritch, is intended for all designers and workers in wood, metal, stone, pottery, and glass. Mr. Haité provides a sketch-book in which are exhibited, life-size, the foliage, flower, and fruit of the fifty plants which he considers best adapted to decorative purposes.

Mr. Richard Jefferies's new book is called 'Red Deer.' It contains chapters on 'Red Deer Land,' 'Wild Exmoor,' 'Deer in Summer,' 'Antler and Fern,' 'Ways of Deer,' 'Tracking Deer by Slot,' 'The Hunted Stag,' 'Hind-hunting,' 'A Manor House in Deerland,' 'Game Notes and Folk Lore.'

The San Francisco *Argonaut* reprints from the pages of *Lippincott's Magazine* 'The Blood Seedling,' by Col. John Hay, supposed to be the seedling of 'The Bread Winners.' 'There are,' says the *Argonaut*, 'some characters in it which are akin to those in the later story; compare, for instance, the "sperrit-mejun" in "The Blood Seedling" with the one in "The Bread Winners"; compare Allen Golyer, the stolid young farmer, with Sam Sleeney, the dull young carpenter; compare Susie Barringer with Maud Matchin; compare Offit and his untimely taking-off with Leon, the drummer, and his end. These may, of course, be but resemblances, but they are strong ones. "The Blood Seedling" appeared in *Lippincott's* twelve years ago.' Attention was called to its resemblance to 'The Bread Winners' in a recent number of THE CRITIC.

Mr. Hall Caine is editing for the Parchment Series (Appleton), a selection from Coleridge's prose writings. He had identified certain of the articles contributed to *The Morning Post* and *The Courier* which will probably result in a considerable addition to Coleridge's authenticated writings. Having spent much of his youth in the neighborhood of Keswick, Mr. Caine is said to have a fund of anecdote touching the Coleridge family. The next issue in the Parchment Series will be 'English Comic Dramatists,' edited with introductory remarks by Oswald Crawford.

Mr. Quaritch has issued the prospectus of a German work on the ornament of textile fabrics, illustrated with 1000 patterns, printed in gold and colors, of ancient and mediæval fabrics.

A volume of George Eliot's essays, containing all that she was willing should be published, has been issued by Blackwood.

The next issue in the English Men of Letters Series (Harper) will be 'Addison,' by Mr. Courthope.

The forthcoming issue of *The Continent* contains some personal reminiscences of 'The Resurrection of Italy in 1848,' by the author of 'The Glory and Shame of England,' who was U. S. Consul at Genoa at the time of the Revolution in that year. C. F. Thwing contributes to the same number a paper on 'The Rum Power in City Politics.'

The Managing Committee of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens have issued a circular calling the attention of college presidents to the advantages offered by the School to graduates of colleges co-operating in its support, and requesting them to bring these advantages to the notice of their students. The Committee ask that trustees be urged to create travelling scholarships, to facilitate the attendance at the School of graduates of moderate means. To all classical students the School affords an opportunity to pursue their studies under competent direction among a people whose literary language is less different from that of Xenophon than his from that of Herodotus; to those interested in epigraphy and history it gives access to the richest existing store of Greek inscriptions and to all the famous sites of Hellas; while to American students of Greek art and archaeology it throws open, upon equal terms, fields of inquiry until now reserved for the scholars of France and Germany. The School possesses a good working library, containing already the most necessary books of reference in the various departments of classical study; and it provides for its students a large reading room, which is lighted in the evening, and heated in cold weather. No charge is made for tuition.

A series of amateur tableaux-vivants of unusual artistic merit will be given at the Madison Square Theatre on the afternoons of February 12th and 13th. The 'Dream of Fair Women,' read by Mr. Riddle, is to be impersonated by a number of young ladies selected as types of the respective nationalities of Tennyson's heroines. Helen of Troy and Iphigenia will be clad in the chiton and drapery designed by Mr. Millet for the famous classic dress worn by Mary Anderson, as Galatea, in London recently. Cleopatra and Jephtha's daughter, Fair Rosamond and Margaret Roper, Joan of Arc and the queen 'who drew the poison with her balmy breath' from her husband's wound, are to be represented by beautiful women in costumes of historical accuracy. Next will come scenes from Keats's poem, 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' entitled 'The Hiding of Porphyro,' 'The Vespers of Madeleine,' 'The Love-Spell,' and 'The Lovers' Escape.' The latter half of this varied programme will consist of a powder-and-patch comedy by Octave Feuillet—'The Portraits of the Marquise'—which has met with success in the English version, in the hands of clever amateurs. This little comedy presents a succession of Eighteenth Century pictures of château life in France, and is full of the delicate wit displayed by Feuillet in his best moments. The Statue of Liberty Pedestal Fund is to benefit by the promised performance.

He who claims that Emerson was nothing of a humorist should read Mrs. Annie Fields's 'Glimpses of Emerson' in the February *Harper's*. On being introduced to an invited guest of the Saturday Club, Emerson said: 'I am glad to meet you, sir. I often see your name in the papers, and elsewhere, and am happy to take you by the hand for the first time.' 'Not for the first time,' was the reply. 'Thirty-three years ago I was enjoying my school vacation in the woods, as boys will. One afternoon I was walking alone, when you saw me and joined me, and talked of the voices of nature in a way which stirred my boyish pulses, and left me thinking of your words far into the night.' Emerson looked pleased, but rejoined that it must have been long ago indeed when he ventured to talk of such fine subjects. In conversing with Richard H. Dana, Jr., the latter spoke of the cold eyes of one of our public men. 'Yes,' said Emerson, meditatively, 'holes in his head! holes in his head!' After an agreeable conversation with a gentleman who had suffered from ill-health, Emerson remarked, 'You formerly bragged of bad health, sir; I trust you are all right now.'

Mr. Augustus Moore, the editor of 'Walnuts and Wine,' an English holiday annual, published a poem entitled 'Dolorida,' and signed A. C. Swinburne. The poet no sooner saw the poem than he flatly denied its authorship, whereupon Mr. Moore replied: 'It is my misfortune, not my fault, that he does not recognize his own inimitable style. Nobody but himself would, and as far as I at present know, nobody but himself has dared to, doubt the genuineness of the lines which bear the indelible impress of his genius. Perhaps, when I tell him that I discovered this pearl of pearls in the treasure-house of a friend who is the direct inheritor of the same from a lady who was proud of Mr. S.'s friendship, as he was proud of hers—from Miss Ada Isaacs Menken—when I tell him that I copied the poem from his own unforgeable handwriting, I am sure that even the fancies of poetry will permit him to recognize the stern fact that the lines are his. "Palman qui meruit ferat!"' Besides this Swinburne poem there are in this volume a couple of stanzas, entitled 'Love,' written by Longfellow, above the date, 'Grand Hotel, July 22nd, 1861.'

### The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS.

No. 567.—It seems a very curious fact that all the cyclopædias and other books of reference, and all the biographical sketches so far published, should be in error in regard to the birthplace of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Even the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says she was born in London. Other authorities give the place as Hope End, in Dorsetshire. Both statements are incorrect; and the authority for so regarding them is contained in her own letters written to R. H. Horne. These letters were edited by R. H. Stoddard, when republished in this country, and he says in his introductory sketch of her life, that she was born at Hope End, near Ledbury. On page 127 of this edition, published in 1877 by Miller, of New York, in writing of the Malvern Hills, she says: 'They seem to

me my native hills; for, although I was born in the county of Durham, I was an infant when I went first into their neighborhood, and lived there until I had passed twenty by several years.' It seems very strange that no one writing of her had noticed this statement.

I call attention to the subject in order to ask if any one can tell me the month and day of Mrs. Browning's birth. All the authorities unite in saying she was born in 1809, but none of them give any more definite statement of the date. I am also anxious to see the first editions of all her poems, from 'The Seraphim, and Other Poems,' of 1838, to the Poems of 1844. Also the preface to the first translation of the 'Prometheus.' All these editions contain much explanatory matter, in the way of prefaces and introductions to individual poems, not included in any of the current editions. Can any of the readers of THE CRITIC help me to what I want?

West Dedham, Mass., Jan. 3, 1884.

G. W. C.

No. 568.—What is the meaning of the word 'heterophemy' used in the answer to question 515? 2. Who is the author of the poem called 'A Modest Wit,' the first stanza of which is

A supercilious nabob of the East—  
Haughty, being great—proud, being rich—  
A governor, or general, at the least,  
I have forgotten which—  
Had in his family a humble youth,  
Who went from England in his patron's suite,  
An unassuming boy, and, in good sooth,  
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

3. Who is the author of the poem the first lines of which are

Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?  
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,  
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?  
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,  
And sighed for pity, as it answered—'No.'

East New York, L. I.

T. A. K.

[1. 'Heterophemy' is a word coined, we believe, by Mr. Richard Grant White. It is used to indicate the blunder of saying (or writing) one thing while having another in mind.]

No. 569.—What is the address of *The Art Age*? 2. The addresses of such journals, if any, as are devoted to stenography and shorthand? 3. Who wrote 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls'? 4. What is the number in which my recent query concerning the copy-right laws was answered?

Denver, Col.

W. E. P.

[1. *The Art Age* is published by A. B. Turnure, 140 Nassau Street, New York. 2. *American Short-Hand Writer*, Boston; *Stenographic Journal*, Buffalo; *Shorthand Review* (quarterly), Cleveland; *Bengough's Shorthand Writer*, Toronto. There are others. 3. Alfred Bunn, author of 'The Heart Bowed Down.' About 1790-1860. 4. No. 150, Nov. 24.]

No. 570.—Where and at what price may the following be obtained?—*Notes and Queries, Publishers' Weekly, Athenæum, and Saturday Review*. 2. Also, the price of Breton's Dictionary of Universal Biography, the latest edition, and where it may be obtained? Is it considered a standard and good authority?

Independence, Mo.

E. F. C.

[1. *Publishers' Weekly*, F. Leypoldt, 31 Park Row, N. Y., \$3.20 per annum; the *American Notes and Queries* is published by S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H.; the *English Notes and Queries, Athenæum, and Saturday Review* may be obtained through the International News Co., 29 Beekman Street, N. Y., or through Brentano Bros., 5 Union Square. 2. \$3.50. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. It is a useful and generally accurate book.]

#### ANSWERS.

No. 520.—I find the lines beginning 'With patience then thy course,' etc., in an old note-book, credited to 'Watkins.' Can any one tell us further about him?

Hohokus, N. J.

R. W. H.

No. 540.—There are several editions of Rogers's 'Poems' published in this country. Lippincott, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Routledge, and The World Publishing Co. have editions ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$18.

New York City.

T.

No. 564.—Gay's 'Beggars' Opera' and Beaumarchais's 'Barber of Seville' may be obtained from Samuel French & Son, 38 East Fourteenth Street, N. Y.

New York City.

T.

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